

KONAMI

OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK



ISSUE #3  
\$3.99

TACTICAL ESPIONAGE ACTION

# METAL GEAR SOLID

## SONS OF LIBERTY



Written by

**ALEX GARNER**

Artwork by

**ASHLEY WOOD**

ASHLEY WOOD COVER

\$3.99 U.S. • \$4.85 CAN • DECEMBER '05



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Illustrated by> **Ashley Wood**  
Lettered by> **Tom B. Long**  
Designed by> **Robbie Robbins**  
Edited by> **Kris Oprisko**  
Covers by> **Ashley Wood**



**KONAMI**

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YOU  
CAN'T HIDE  
FOREVER!

BASTARD!

YOU'LL *DIE*  
FOR WHAT  
YOU'VE DONE  
TO ME!





STILLMAN!  
GET YOUR ASS  
IN GEAR!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

FINALLY!

I WAS  
BEGINNING  
TO WONDER...  
WAIT.

YOU'RE  
NOT THE  
MAN I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR...

AW BABY,  
YOU'RE HURTING  
MY FEELINGS!

AND HERE  
I THOUGHT WE  
HAD SOMETHING  
BETWEEN US.

FOOL.

MORON.







FATMAN!  
RESPOND!

UH-OH.  
IT'S THE  
KING!

AND  
HIS VOICE  
DOETH BEAR  
AN ANGRY  
TENOR!



AND HOW  
FARES YOUR  
ROYAL MAJESTY?  
THY HUMBLE  
SERVANT—

SILENCE,  
YOU FOOL!  
I WANT AN  
EXPLANATION  
FOR THAT CA  
DETONATION!



YOU WERE  
TOLD SPECIFICALLY  
TO SIT BACK AND  
WAIT FOR MY ORDERS  
BEFORE DOING  
ANYTHING.

ARE YOU SO  
DEMENTED NOW  
AS TO THROW AWAY  
EVERYTHING WE'VE  
ACCOMPLISHED OVER  
THE LAST FEW  
YEARS?



NOW, NOW...  
HOLD ON, LET'S  
NOT GET CRAZY  
HERE. HEH, HEH.

THAT WAS  
JUST A TASTE...  
AN *HORS D'OEUVRE*.  
IF YOU WILL, MEANT  
TO BE SERVED BEFORE  
THE MAIN COURSE.

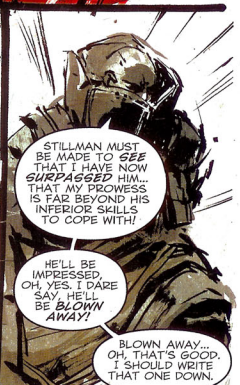
WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT,  
YOU MANIAC? THE  
CA WAS ONLY MEANT  
TO BE A *DIVERSION*!  
A *RUGE*! I'VE NO  
INTENTION OF  
BLOWING UP THIS  
FACILITY!



YOUR  
INTENTIONS,  
YOUR INTENTIONS...  
WHY DOES EVERYTHING  
HAVE TO BE ABOUT  
WHAT YOU WANT?  
WHAT ABOUT ME?  
WHAT ABOUT MY  
NEEDS?

MY FORMER  
MENTOR, PETER  
STILLMAN, JUST  
ARRIVED HERE ON  
BIG SHELL.

AND I  
NEED TO  
KILL HIM!



STILLMAN MUST  
BE MADE TO *SEE*  
THAT I HAVE NOW  
SURPASSED HIM...  
THAT MY PROWESS  
IS FAR BEYOND HIS  
INFERIOR SKILLS  
TO COPE WITH!

HE'LL BE  
IMPRESSED,  
OH, YES. I DARE  
SAY, HE'LL  
BE *BLOWN*  
AWAY!

BLOWN AWAY...  
OH, THAT'S GOOD.  
I SHOULD WRITE  
THAT ONE DOWN.



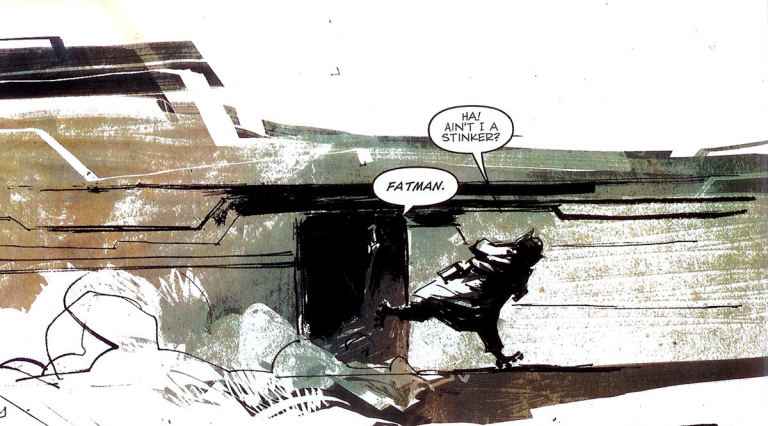
IF YOU  
WANTED  
DIVERSIONS  
AND RUSES,  
YOUR MAJESTY,  
THEN YOU HIRED  
THE WRONG  
MAN.

I DEAL IN  
DESTRUCTION.

FATMAN!  
YOU  
TRAITOROUS  
BASTARD—



I  
KNEW YOU'D  
UNDERSTAND.  
FARE THEE WELL,  
KING! CIAO!  
SAYONARA! AUF  
WIEDERSEHEN!  
ADIEU!



HA!  
AIN'T I A  
STINKER?

FATMAN.

WHO?

OH, IT'S  
YOU.

YOU HAVEN'T  
COME TO SPOIL  
MY FUN, TOO—  
HAVE YOU?

ON THE  
CONTRARY,  
MY FRIEND,  
WE FIND YOUR...  
ACTIONS TO BE  
QUITE SUITABLE  
FOR OUR  
PURPOSES...  
FOR NOW.

SO  
LONG AS  
THEY DON'T  
INTERFERE  
WITH YOUR  
ORDERS.

THE FULL  
EXTENT. NO  
HESITATION,  
NO HOLDING  
BACK.

WE WANT  
YOU TO ENGAGE  
THE PRIMARY...  
THE ROOKIE  
AGENT KNOWN  
AS RAIDEN.

TEST HIM,  
EH? TO WHAT  
LIMIT?

WE WANT  
YOU TO TEST  
HIM.

KILL  
HIM.

BECAUSE  
IF YOU DON'T,  
YOUR LIFE IS  
MOST ASSUREDLY  
FORFEIT.



COLONEL?  
ROSE?

UNF!



MOMMY?  
HELLO?

OWW!

ANY TACTICAL  
ADVICE HERE WOULD  
BE GREATLY  
APPRECIATED...



NGH!

...CAUSE I'M  
GETTING MY  
ASS ROYALLY  
KICKED RIGHT  
NOW!



SHUT  
UP!

UGH!

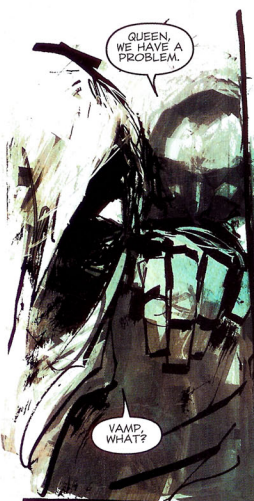


THAT'S IT...  
PICK UP YOUR  
GUN.

FINISH  
ME OFF.

I WANT  
YOU TO.





QUEEN,  
WE HAVE A  
PROBLEM.

VAMP,  
WHAT?



IT'S  
FATMAN—  
HE'S GONE  
ROGUE. HE  
INTENDS TO  
BLOW BIG  
SHELL SKY...



BAM  
BAM



SNAP!

...HIGHN!



NOOOO!  
VAMP!



RAIDEN!  
GET YOUR ASS  
OUT OF THERE!  
SOMETHING'S  
COME UP!

YOU  
DON'T HAVE  
TO TELL ME  
TWICE.



WHAT'S UP, COLONEL?

I'M AFRAID  
OUR PRIORITIES  
HAVE SWITCHED  
AND THE  
PRESIDENT WILL  
HAVE TO WAIT.  
ROSE?

WE RECEIVED  
A TRANSMISSION  
FROM ONE OF THE  
DEAD CELL TERRORISTS  
KNOWN AS *FATMAN*. HE'S  
SPLINTERED OFF FROM  
THE SONS OF LIBERTY  
AND HAS THREATENED  
TO BLOW UP BIG  
SHELL UNLESS...

UNLESS  
WHAT?

UNLESS  
YOU MEET HIM  
IMMEDIATELY  
ON THE STRUT  
E HELIPORT.  
YOU HAVE FIVE  
MINUTES.

BUT WHY  
ME? WHAT  
DOES HE  
WANT?

HONESTLY,  
I HAVE NO  
IDEA.

IS HE  
SURRENDERING?  
LOOKING FOR  
AMNESTY?

WELL, IF  
HE IS, HE WON'T  
GET IT. FOUR  
MINUTES, THIRTY-  
SEVEN SECONDS.  
YOU NEED TO GET  
A MOVE ON.

RAIDEN,  
PLEASE BE  
CAREFUL...





OH, NO  
NO NO NO  
NO NO NO...  
THAT DEATH  
WAS MEANT  
FOR ME!

WHY? WHY  
AM I THE  
ONLY ONE  
WHO CAN'T  
DIE?

DADDY,  
PLEASE...  
I'M SO  
SORRY.

HOW MUCH  
LONGER DO I  
HAVE TO ENDURE  
THIS? HAVEN'T I  
BEEN THROUGH  
ENOUGH?



THERE'S...  
NO NEED  
TO CRY, MY  
QUEEN.



I  
DIED ONCE  
ALREADY.

I  
CAN'T DIE  
TWICE.





UNNNNGH...



FATMAN?

GONE...



BASTARD  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
HOLDING BACK...  
OTHERWISE, I'D  
BE DEAD.



HELLOOO...

WHAT  
HAVE WE  
HERE?



THAT  
WOMAN.

SHE  
LOOKS  
LIKE...



IMPOSSIBLE!

IT  
CAN'T BE  
HER!



OLGA GURLUKOVICH!



IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE'S NO WAY  
SHE COULD BE HERE!

SHE DIED TWO YEARS  
AGO ON THE TANKER...

ALL  
UNITS, THIS  
IS COLONEL  
GURLUKOVICH.  
SHALASHAGKA  
HAS LANDED. I'M  
ON MY WAY TO  
THE TANKER  
HOLD.



OLGA,  
REPORT  
STATUS.

CONTROL ROOM,  
COMMUNICATIONS  
AND THE ENGINE  
ROOM ARE UNDER  
CONTROL. ALL ENTRY  
AND EXIT POINTS TO  
THE TANKER HOLD ARE  
SECURED. INFRARED  
SENSORS PLACED AND  
OPERATIONAL.

GOOD  
WORK, AND THE  
EXPLOSIVES?

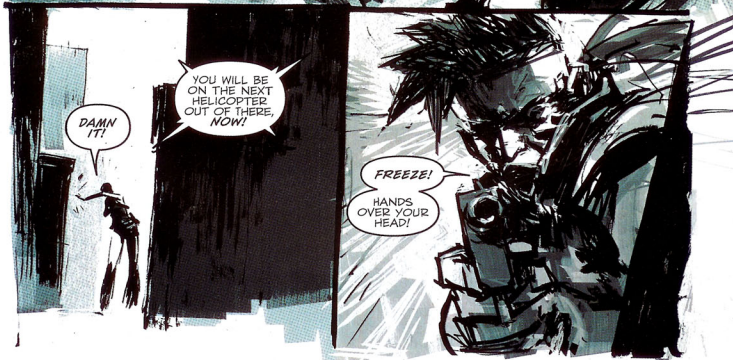
ALL IN  
PLACE.

EXCELLENT.  
ONCE WE HAVE  
WHAT WE CAME FOR,  
THE TANKER WILL  
BE SCUTTLED.

YOUR  
PART IN THIS  
MISSION IS OVER.  
YOU ARE TO LEAVE  
AT ONCE.













DAMN!

BLAM  
BLAM

BLAM

SNAKE!  
YOU OKAY?

FINE,  
OTACON.  
JUST TELL ME  
AGAIN WHY  
I CAN'T USE  
BULLETS.

WELL, IT'S BECAU-

NEVER  
MIND.

PTING

**BLAM**  
**BLAM**  
**BLAM**



**POW**  
**POW**  
**POW**





NNGH!

WORD GOT AROUND THAT  
OLGA DROWNED AFTER  
THE TANKER WENT UNDER.

HUNH. LOOKS PRETTY  
HEALTHY FOR A DEAD  
WOMAN.



SO, NOW  
THE QUESTION  
BEGS—WHAT IS  
SHE DOING HERE  
TWO YEARS  
LATER?

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S  
TAKEN COMMAND OF  
HER FATHER'S PRIVATE  
ARMY. PROBABLY  
RENTED THEM OUT TO  
DEAD CELL TO HELP  
TAKE OVER BIG SHELL.

TYPICAL MERCENARY.  
LIKE FATHER, LIKE  
DAUGHTER.

OLGA. THAT MEANS  
OCELOT CAN'T BE  
FAR BEHIND. GREAT.

I'M GONNA HAVE TO  
KEEP A REAL CLOSE  
EYE ON HER...



RAIDEN,  
WAIT! IT'S  
ME!

STILLMAN!  
YOU OKAY?



HANGING  
IN THERE.  
BARELY.

THERE'S NO  
TIME! COME WITH  
ME! **QUICKLY!**



FATMAN  
DEMANDS THAT  
I MEET HIM ON  
THE HELIPORT OR  
HE'LL BLOW UP BIG  
SHELL. DO YOU  
HAVE ANY IDEA  
WHAT THIS COULD  
BE ABOUT?

HFF... NO...  
HFF... NOT UNLESS  
YOU'RE ANOTHER  
EXPLOSIVES  
EXPERT... HFF.



WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?

HE'S... HFFF...  
**INGANELY  
COMPETITIVE.** TO  
THE POINT OF...  
HFF... TRYING TO  
**KILL OFF...**



...ALL HIS  
**PEERS.** RIGHT.  
I HEARD ABOUT  
THAT. WANTS TO  
BE THE BEST IN  
THE WORLD, EVEN IF  
IT MEANS KILLING  
EVERYBODY IN  
HIS WAY.

WELL, I'M  
CERTAINLY NO  
BOMB EXPERT.  
SO WHAT DOES  
HE WANT WITH  
ME?

WELL... HUFF...  
I KNOW HE  
WANTS ME DEAD...  
HFF... *BADLY!*  
THAT, I CAN  
GUARANTEE.

HEY,  
THAT'S  
RIGHT!

I'D WAGER  
THAT MORE THAN  
ANYONE, HE'D WANT  
TO SHOW UP HIS  
OLD TEACHER.

TRY TO  
KEEP UP,  
PETE. I'VE  
GOT AN  
IDEA...

THE PRIMARY  
IS HEADED FOR  
THE HELIPORT  
AS EXPECTED.



THE BOARD IS SET, JUST AS YOU SPECIFIED.

NOW,  
WHAT OF  
MY...

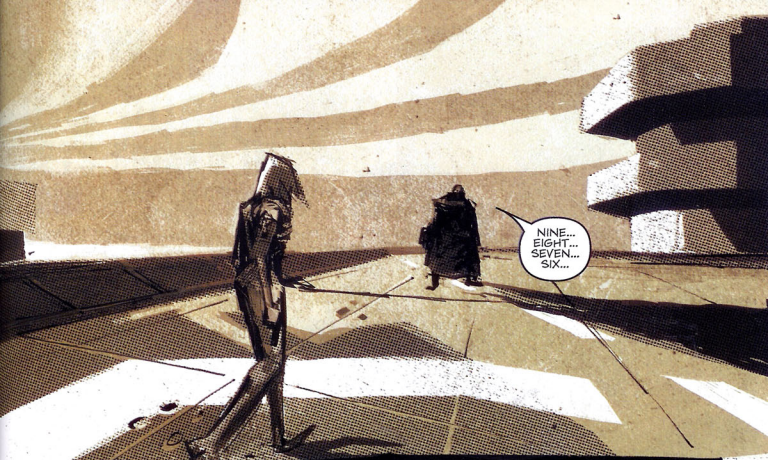
BUT YOU PROMISED A SHOW OF GOOD FAITH! I HAVE TO SEE-

NO! I NEED ASSURAN-

NO! PLEASE  
DON'T!

YES...  
OF COURSE.  
I UNDERSTAND  
COMPLETELY.

HE WON'T SUSPECT A THING.



NINE...  
EIGHT...  
SEVEN...  
SIX...



FIVE...  
FOUR...  
THREE...  
BOOM!

EXCELLENT  
TIMING. AS YOU  
CAN IMAGINE,  
I'M QUITE THE  
STICKLER FOR  
PUNCTUALITY.



I AM  
FATMAN.

I AM THE  
GREATEST THAT  
HUMANITY HAS TO  
OFFER, AND THE  
*LOWEST.*



WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT?



WHAT DO  
I WANT?  
WHAT DO  
I WANT?

WHAT  
A SILLY  
QUESTION!

I WANT  
YOUR BEST,  
*YOUNG*  
MAN!



A black and white comic book illustration of a soldier in full combat armor. The soldier is shown from the waist up, leaning forward with one arm raised. The armor is highly detailed with various pouches, straps, and a helmet. The background is a simple, textured light gray.

I WANT  
TO SEE  
IF YOU'VE  
GOT **GUTS**,  
SOLDIER.

I  
WANT TO  
SEE WHAT  
YOU'RE  
**MADE OF**.

LITERALLY.

AND WHAT  
BETTER WAY TO  
FIND OUT THAN BY  
**BLOWING YOU TO  
SMITHEREENS?**

To be continued...